

No. 9

JUNE

KILROYS

America's Funniest Family!

10¢

YOU'RE NOT
KIDDIN', NATCH!
SPRING *IS*
HERE!

FWOINN-EGG!

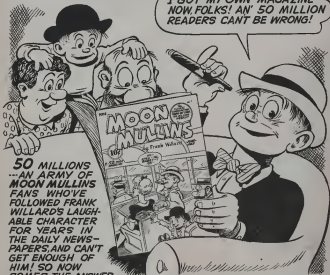




WEB COMIC
UNIVERSE.COM

MOON MULLINS SAYS...

I GOT MY OWN MAGAZINE
NOW, FOLKS! AN' 50 MILLION
READERS CAN'T BE WRONG!



50 MILLIONS
---AN ARMY OF
MOON MULLINS
FANS WHO'VE
FOLLOWED FRANK
WILLARD'S LAUGH-
ABLE CHARACTER
FOR YEARS IN
THE DAILY NEWS-
PAPERS, AND CAN'T
GET ENOUGH OF
HIM! SO NOW
COMES THE ANSWER
TO 50 MILLION PRAYERS ---**MOON IN HIS MAGAZINE**
AND YOURS --- **'MOON MULLINS'!**

Don't Miss "MOON MULLINS"...

JAM-PACKED WITH CHUCKLES AND HOWLS! CLIMB
ON THE BELLY-LAUGH BANDWAGON WITH MOON ---
WITH **KAYO** --- **UNCLE WILLIE** --- **LORD PLUSH-
BOTTOM** --- **EMMY** --- **MAMIE** --- THE COMIC CUT-
UPS WHO TICKLE AMERICA'S FUNNYBONE! THEY'RE ALL

in

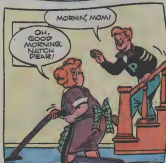
MOON MULLINS

10¢ ON
ALL
STANDS

The KILROYS

in
"CAR PAINTIN' BLUES"









MEANWHILE---

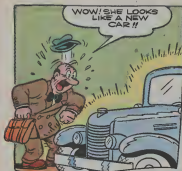






AND SHORTLY
AFTER NOON--





KOLLEGE KAPERS

by *Al Hartley*



UP UNTIL NOW I'VE BEEN A BOY SCOUT--BUT FROM NOW ON, I SCOUT FOR GIRLS!



DO YOUR NEW SPECTACLES HELP YOUR EYES?

YES I NEVER HAVE THEM BLACKENED NOW LIKE I USED TO BEFORE I WORE 'EM!



HER? DARN SOCKS?--HUH! ALL SHE KNOWS ABOUT A NEEDLE IS THAT YOU HAVE TO CHANGE IT ON A VICTROLA!



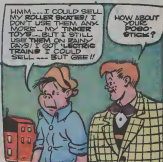
THEY'RE DUELING OVER ME...BUT THEY'RE NOT VERY MAD!

Natch

"A COUPLA NIFTY DRESSERS"















A LASTING IMPRESSION

"If she'd only come over and visit!" wailed Mrs. Binks, looking out of the window. "Mrs. Snowden is a member of one of the oldest, swankiest families in society. And to think she's my new neighbor!"

"Aw phooey!" Donald Binks couldn't understand his mother at all. "Who cares for that stuff anyhow? We're havin' ball practice out on the front lawn, mom. S'long!"

Leaving his mother twittering about how stand-offish Mrs. Snowden seemed to be, Don dashed out to meet the other guys. He was pitching that afternoon, and was determined to show off his new, fast curve.

Curving his fingers lovingly around the ball, Don let loose with a fast pitch. Zoom! Zip! The ball shot through the air with the greatest of ease, gathering speed until . . . *Crash!* Right through the window of Mrs. Snowden's living room went the pill, sending out a shower of glass splinters!

"Uh-oh!" Donald Binks swallowed hard. Then, taking a deep breath, he marched towards Mrs. Snowden's house. "I gotta apologize, fellas," he exclaimed. "It's the only manly thing ta do!"

He ran up the front steps, tried the door and found it open. "Well, bere goes!" thought Donald, walking straight into the hallway—and straight into a large plant stand.

Smash! Thud! A shower of flowerpots poured down, covering the spic-and-span floor with clods of earth, falling blossoms, pieces of clay flowerpot! Mrs. Snowden's hallway was a battlefield!

"And just what is the meaning of this?" a majestic voice inquired.

Donald was down on his hands and knees trying to pick up the poor remains of the flower stand. Choking, he rose hastily and . . . *wham!* He bumped into Mrs. Snowden, sending her off balance!

"Who . . . are . . . you?" demanded Mrs. Snowden coldly, picking herself up off the floor.

Again Donald took a deep breath. "I'm Donald Binks, ma'am, an' I live right next door and I . . ."

"My window! My plants! My house!" Mrs. Snowden's face was as red as any geranium on the floor. "So, you vandal! You housebreaker! You little wretch!"

Seething with fury, Mrs. Snowden walked out of her house, marched like a soldier across her lawn and practically goose-stepped toward Donald Binks' house.

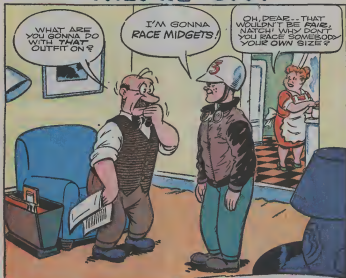
Poor innocent Mrs. Binks watched Mrs. Snowden's approach from her front window. "My!" she exclaimed, clasping her hands together happily. "Mrs. Snowden is coming to visit at last. Isn't that friendly!"

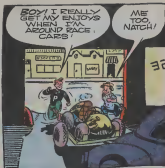
As for Donald, the only thing he could say was . . . "Gulp!"

The KILROYS

in

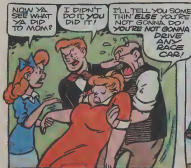
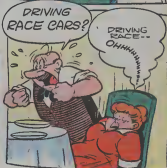
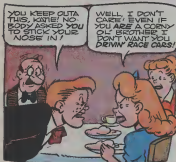
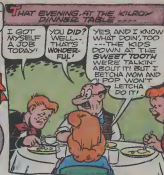
"THEY'RE OFF!"





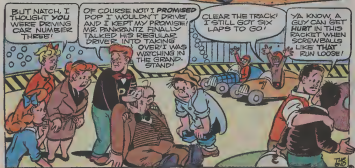




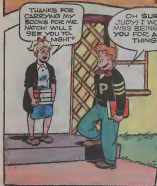
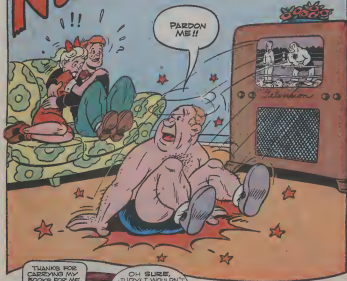








Natch in "tattle-tale TELEVISION"



♪ WHEN I GO TO SLEEP,
I NEVER COUNT SHEEP. I
COUNT ALL THE CHARMS
OF ABOUT LINDA... ♪
I MEAN, JUDY!!

GUESS I
BETTER DROP
A LETTER TO
JOHNNY MERCER
AND ASK HIM TO
WRITE A SONG
ABOUT JUDY!



HI,
JACKSON!

GREETINGS
TO THEE, LITTLE
MAN, BAKE-FACED
BOY WITH CHEEKS
OF SNOW-- I
GOT NEWS
FOR YA!



LOOKY! TWO DUCKS
FOR THE WRESTLING
MATCHES TONIGHT!
ONE FO' YOU AND
ONE FO' ME! WILBUR
MORTON GAVE 'EM
TO ME!

SWELL,
HEY!



OH-HO, TONIGHT?
GOSH, I
CAN'T GO
TONIGHT!!

ANY
WHY
NOT??

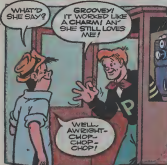


I PROMISED
JUDY I'D COME
OVER TO HER
HOUSE
TONIGHT!!

AH,
JUDY,
SCHWOOPY!



DON'T BE HEN-PECKED AT
SUCH AN EARLY AGE! CALL
'ER UP AND TELL 'ER YA
GOT A LOT OF HOMEY
WORK TA DO! WHAT ARE
YOU, A MAN OR A
MOUSE?



WELL THEN, IF THAT OL' NATCH
WENT GONNA BE WITH YOU
TONIGHT, I THOUGHT MAYBE
YOU WOULD LIKE TO SPEND THE
EVENING WITH ME! WE HAVE A
NEW TELEVISION SET AT OUR
HOUSE, AND I'D LIKE TO HAVE
YOU COME OVER AND WATCH
THE PROGRAMS WITH ME!

I'D
LOVE TO,
WILBUR!
I'LL ASK
MY MOM!

MOTHER, WILBUR WANTS
ME TO COME TO HIS HOUSE
TONIGHT TO SEE THEIR
NEW TELE-
VISION SET!
MAY I?

HOW
DO YOU
DO, MIZ
FARRELL?

WHY,
OF COURSE!
I THINK
IT WAS
SWEET OF
WILBUR TO
ASK YOU!

GEE, JUDY! I WISH YOU AND ME COULD
GO STEADY! I GOT THIS KEEN ROADSTER
AN' EVERYTHING! NATCH HAS GOT THAT
OL' BEAT-UP HOTROD WITH NO TOP...

I LIKE
NATCH'S JALOPY
WITH NO
TOP!

MATER, THIS IS
JUDY FARRELL!
JUDY... MY
MATER!

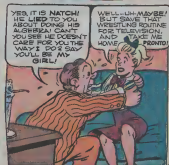
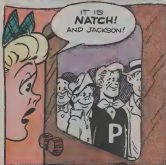
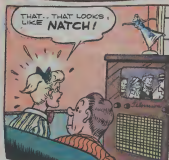
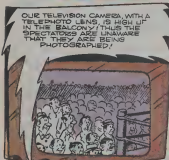
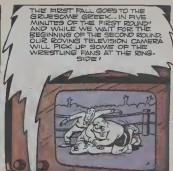
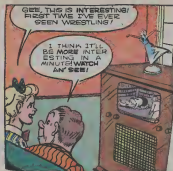
HOW DO YOU DO,
MRS. MORTON?

NO! WHAT
A CHARMING
GIRL!

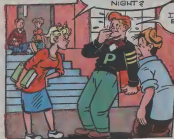
NOW IF YOU TWO
LOVE BEES WILL JUST
GET COMEX I'LL GET
A TELEVISION PROGRAM
FOR YOU! MY! WHAT
A DARING COUPLE
YOU MAKE!

AND NOW THE MAKERS OF
DOUBLE-EDGE RAZOR BLADES,
THE BLUE BLADE FOR BLUE
BLOODS, BRING YOU THE
WRESTLING MATCHES, DIRECT
FROM MEDICINE SQUARE GARDEN!





The
NEXT MORNING



GOOD MORNING, MISTER KIDBOY! DID YOU ENJOY THE WRESTLING MATCHES LAST NIGHT?

I-I--
E--
E--



WILBUR MORTON INVITED ME OVER TO HIS HOUSE LAST NIGHT TO SEE TELEVISION OF THE WRESTLING MATCHES--AND I SAW YOU IN THE AUDIENCE WITH JACKSON! BUT I DIDN'T SEE YOUR ALGEBRA BOOK!

OH! WILBUR MORTON!



HAWA-- WILBUR MORTON GAVE YOU THE TICKETS TO THE WRESTLING MATCHES, DIDN'T HE?

SURE! AN' HE KNEW I'D TAKE YOU!



YA SEE, JUDY? IT WAS A FRAME-UP!

YA WAS DOUBLE-CROSSED



JUST WAIT! I GET MY HANDS ON THAT FAT WOLF!

ANYWAY, YOU STILL TOLD ME A LIE!!



THERE HE IS!

LEMME AT 'IM!



DEEP WATERS

THE crowd was having a super-special shindig down at the lake. The sun was hot, the water was cool and blue and the raft, laden with guys and gals, bobbed gently up and down.

Jimmy Briggs flexed his muscles, stretched his body taut and looked around to see whether the gang was watching him. "Hey, everybody," he yelled, "watch my jackknife!"

Up into the air he shot, folding his body so that his fingertips touched his toes. He split the water neatly, came up again and grinned.

"Guess I'm pretty terrific!" he boasted. "Hey, Danny, don't ya wish ya were as good as me?"

Danny Hilton, the most retiring boy in the crowd, smiled. "You are good, Jimmy," he said quietly.

"Good? I'm *sensational*! Here, lemme show ya my swan dive!" Danny watched as Jimmy curved gracefully towards the lake again.

"Too bad you're a minus-muscle-man!" Jimmy mocked Danny. "Why don'tcha take ten easy lessons, Danny? With luck, you might get ta be a poor imitation of me!"

Danny said nothing. He watched Jimmy jump into one of the canoes that was tied to the edge of the raft. Jimmy undid the rope and hoisted a paddle in his hand.

"Now you're gonna see somethin' that's somethin'!" Jimmy didn't believe in being too modest. "I'll make this canoe do tricks. . . ."

"You better take it easy, Jimmy," Danny tried to warn him, but Jim was too carried away by his success. Paddling the canoe out into the lake, he tried to stand up straight in the frail birch.

"Look at me . . ." he yelled. And then it happened! In one swift upset, the canoe tilted, spilled Jimmy into the water . . . and came down on his forehead with a terrific whack! "Ooooh!" moaned Jimmy, before consciousness left him.

Before the gang could tell what was happening, Danny Hilton dived into the lake and plowed through the water toward Jimmy.

"I hope I remember what the book says!" Danny breathed, as he seized Jimmy's hair and started back. Maybe it wasn't the most graceful swimming, but Danny Hilton got Jimmy onto the raft.

"Artificial respiration!" Danny muttered, straddling Jimmy's prone figure. "I cup my hands and count evenly . . . one . . . two . . . three. . . ."

A few minutes later, Jimmy Briggs opened his eyes. "What . . . what happened?" he asked weakly, and then his memory returned. "I . . . went under an' someone pulled me out! Someone . . . Danny! Danny, was it you?"

Although Danny Hilton said nothing, Jim understood. "Guess I learned a lesson," he grinned warmly, "even if my face is awful red!"

HERE IT IS, FOLKS!

...OUR GUEST
FEATURE FOR
THIS ISSUE!



The **BABY- SITTERS**

O BOY!
THIS LOOKS
GOOD FOR
US, MYRTLE!

Baby
sitter
wanted



- JUST BE
SURE YOU DON'T
DROP CIGARETTE
ASHES ON THE
FLOOR!

GOOD
NIGHT!

OOOPS!

Hi,
Babe!



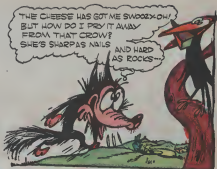
ASHES ON
THE FLOOR ???
GIMME A
HAMMER - I'LL
FIX THAT RIGHT
NOW!

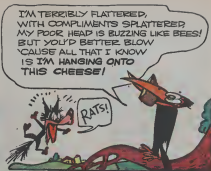
HW!

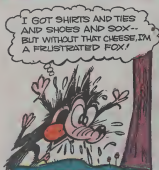
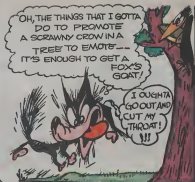




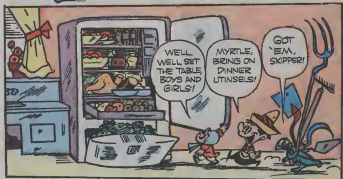


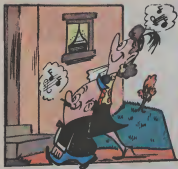












"Solid Jackson"

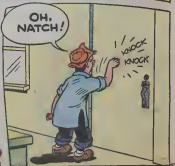
WODDEYA MEAN YOU'RE DOIN' ALL THE WORK & THE FIRST TIME I CARRIED THE STOOL AN' YOU CARRIED THE PIANO! NOW THIS TIME, I'M GONNA LET YOU CARRY THE PIANO AND I'LL CARRY THE STOOL! THAT'S FAIR, ISN'T IT?

SURE! THAT'S OKAY! FOR A MINUTE, I THOUGHT YOU WERE GYPIN' ME!



I GOT A COUPLE TICKETS TO THE BASEBALL GAME THIS AFTERNOON! I'LL GO OVER AND SEE IF NATCH CAN GO WITH ME!

OH, NATCH!





DID JA
LOOK IN
THE SWEET
TOOTH?

SURE! I BEEN
EVERY PLACE--
HIS HOUSE, THE
JUKE JOINT AN'
HERE! WHERE
ELSE CAN A
GUY LOOK?



MAYBE HE'S
HOME NOW!

YEAH-----
MAYBE!



'TIS I AGAIN,
MIZ KILROY! IS
NATCH HOME YET?

NO, HE'S
NOT! HAVEN'T
YOU FOUND
HIM?



GOSH, NO!
I LOOKED ALL
OVER--EVERY PLACE!
I'D LIKE 'IM TA
GO TA THE BALL
GAME WITH ME!!

YOU NEVER
WILL FIND HIM.
RUNNING ALL
OVER TOWN!
THE BEST THING
TO DO IS TO SIT
DOWN AND WAIT!



OKAY,
MIZ KILROY!
I'LL WAIT
HERE!

I THINK
THAT'S THE BEST
PLAN-- HE'LL BE
HOME SOON! I'VE
GOT SOME THINGS
I WANT HIM
TO HELP ME
WITH!



MAYBE I
OUGHTA RUN
AN AD IN THE
MISSING
PERSONS
COLUMN!







HERE, MIZ KILROY, LET ME DO THAT!!

WOULD YOU, JACKSON? KATIE COULD BE HELPING, BUT SHE'S GONE FOR THE DAY! NATCH SHOULD BE DOING THIS!



I WISH NATCH'D SHOW UP NOW!! I'D BEAT 'IM LIKE THIS CARPET!!



BIG CHIEF JERK, HIM TAKE REST!



HERE Y'ARE, MIZ KILROY! THE CARPETS BEAT!

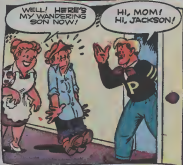
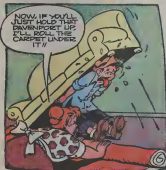
OH, THANK YOU, JACKSON! I CAN'T FOR THE LIFE OF ME UNDERSTAND WHERE NATCH IS!

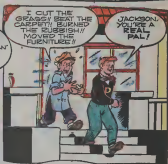
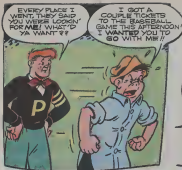
AN' SO AM I!!



I CAN'T FOR THE LIFE OF ME UNDERSTAND WHERE HE IS EITHER! UGH!

JUST BEING IT IN HERE, JACKSON DEAR!





Amazing NEW Mickey Mouse-Donald Duck WEATHER FORECASTER

Do you want to
know tomorrow's
weather today?

Watch for balmy days ahead
when Mickey Mouse is out—
beware of rain when
Donald Duck's about.

More than 2,000,000 Weatherman tried-and-tested home weather forecasters are in daily use all over America. Farmers, housewives, businessmen, laborers, doctors, lawyers and children of all ages check the Weather House for its predictions. When Mickey Mouse comes out watch for fine weather, when Donald Duck appears, be on the lookout for bad weather!

Guaranteed by the world's largest manufacturer of weather forecasters

There is no difficult mechanism to get out of order—nothing complicated to study. You'll love the whole beloved Disney clan—Figaro the Cat, the rooster weather vane and Pluto the Pup. The Mickey Mouse Weather House is sturdy, works indoors or out, is made of brightly colored plastic all hand painted.

Operates Automatically

Simply set your Weather House and it is ready for action. You'll marvel at the mysterious way in which Mickey and Donald move in and out of the house.

10 DAY TRIAL OFFER

The Weatherman is so certain that you will be thrilled with your Weather House that he makes this offer: pay your postman \$1.49 (plus postage when your Weather House is delivered, test it for accuracy—watch it closely, see how it works. If you are not 100% pleased, simply return it within ten days and your money will be refunded.

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430 N. Michigan Ave., Chicago 11, IL

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Forecasters. Upon delivery I will pay the postman \$1.49 plus C.D.S.
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☐ send C.O.D.

☐ I enclose \$3.49—ship prepaid.

Name.....
(PLEASE PRINT)

Address.....

City.....Zone.....State.....

SEND NO MONEY

Simply mail coupon today. Upon receipt of your Weather
House pay postman \$1.49 plus C.D.S. postage. If you
don't agree that your Weather House is worth many
dollars more than the small cost, return it within 10 days
and get your money back in full.

THE WEATHERMAN

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the "light" that never misses!

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Send No Money

Order today! Pay postage \$1.98 plus postage and G.O.D. charges. Or send \$2.50 and we pay postage. If not delighted return in 30 days for refund.

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the "write" that never fails!

AMERICAN MERCHANDISING COMPANY, 9 Madison Avenue, Montgomery 4, Ala. Dept. PL-13

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With TWO SPARKLING SIMULATED DIAMONDS

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- | | | | | | |
|--|--|--|--|--|--|
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4 door sedan
with 1 pc. seat
and 1 pc. back | STYLE SB
2 door sedan
with 1 pc. seat
and 1 pc. back | STYLE SC
2 door sedan
with 1 pc. seat
and 1 pc. back | STYLE SD
2 door sedan
with 1 pc. seat
and 1 pc. back | STYLE SE
2 door sedan
with 1 pc. seat
and 1 pc. back | STYLE SF
2 door sedan
with 1 pc. seat
and 1 pc. back |
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☐ 1. Please include 1 pc. seat and 1 pc. back
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